IS YOUR

Holiday Trip

NECESSARY?

Tens of thousands of soldiers, sailors, marines and auxiliary forces on furlough will be going home by train to spend Christmas holidays. Thousands of wives, mothers and sweethearts will be visiting men in service who remain at camp. And thousands of students will be going home. The railroads must make room for them all. They will—with your help.

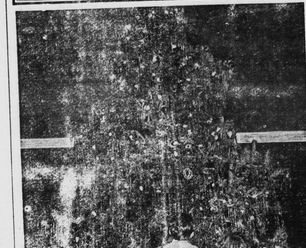
Because of the war, Uncle Sam says, "No extra trains or sections for civilian travel." That means we must do the best we can with what we have. It means there won't be enough comfortable seats for many people who usually make a holiday trip between now and January 12.

The Norfolk and Western is going to do everything it can to see that the men in service get home for a happy Christmas. We know that you—our patrons—will want to help.

So, unless you must travel—please wait until after the holidays.

NORFOLK and WESTERN Railway

The Tree of the Christ-Child



The Christmas tree has many legendary origins. One of these legends has it that when St. Boniface was converting the Germanic tribes from their heathen worship of Thor to Christianity, he turned their attention from the fallen Thunder Oak, under which the human sacrifices demanded by their barbarous religion had been made, and singled out a young fir tree.

Here was a new symbol: a tree dedicated to love and good deeds. With no stain of blood upon it, its tip pointing towards the unlying stars, it should be a sign of the new faith: the tree of the Christ-child. No longer was the emblem of faith to be a thing of dread, but set up in the halls of the chieftain and surrounding with friendship and feasting.

In the homes of the tribesmen, the new tree of the Christ-Child honored the birthday of the Saviour and children played beneath it. It became the symbol of love and simplicity: for

"Unless ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the Kingdom of God."

In America, families gather around the Christmas tree in the home, throughout the land community trees are lighted and the old carols are sung; symbols of the spirit of the Christ-Child—the brotherhood of men.

Despite Priorities . . . Yule Gadgets Will Abound For Toy-Minded Youngsters

Despite the war, the kids want toys at Christmas time. And Santa, who has lived through many wars, is going to see to it that his little friends get them.

Because of war priorities, metal and mechanical toys will be practically unobtainable. But wood and plastics will take their place. The type of toys that they are will bring fun and enjoyment to the children getting them.

One of the new games seems, at first glance, to be a jig-saw puzzle. It is not exactly a puzzle, but what you make from it can be puzzling to those who behold it.

This game consists of various pieces of colored oddly shaped cardboard. By using the various, oddly cut pieces you can make a realistic looking lion, or house, or giraffe or even a zoo house to keep the "zan-imules" in good condition.

The real fun comes in on this game when you take the head of a bear which is attached to an elephant's body with dog legs. To solve the milk delivery problem you can put horse legs on the body of a cow.

Another interesting game—a constructive, entertaining one—is that which has miniature bricks, decorated in waterproof red paint. With the bricks you can build all sorts of buildings by laying them as a regular bricklayer would. For mortar a trick type of stickum is used. After you have built yourself a house, or a bombshelter, or a garage and then become tired of it, all that you have to do is set the whole business in water. The water loosens the stickum-mortar, the bricks fall apart, and you are ready once again to build another type of building.

This year a new toy-gadget for the baby who is beginning to notice that it has some mighty active arms and legs has been dished up by Santa for distribution on Christmas morning. It is a circle gym. It has a horizontal bar strapped across the top of the crib or play pen.

From the bar hangs a trapeze, a climbing rope, and flying rings. Even little, before-tot age creepers, it has been said, can do marvelous things on the "circus" equipment. Even though the children of U.S.A. 1942 won't be getting the usual type toys for Christmas, they will be getting some fine substitutes.

How Happy Pierre Paid For His Special Yule Gift

Many touching, and very human stories about Christmas and the Christ Child are being told and read at this time of the year.

One of them, related recently by a movie producer in Hollywood who stated he heard it at a little French church in his West coast town, fits in very well with the spirit of Christmas.

According to the story repeated, a member of a sectarian order was erecting a little vignette of the Nativity scene. A short time after the scene was erected, the tiny figure of the Christ Child was missing.

The loss was reported immediately to the rector of the parish who came hurrying to the scene of what looked like a theft. On the way back, feeling very sad because of the loss, he was almost struck by a boy in a little red wagon, rushing down the street. The rector knew the happy little boy very well. He was Pierre, the local Baker's son.

Just as he was about to speak to him he suddenly noticed the missing figure in the boy's wagon.

"It was you, Pierre," he cried, "who stole the Christ Child."

Pierre, silent, said nothing and hung his head.

After being scolded and asked why he took the figure, the tot began to stammer: "I wanted a red wagon, this wagon, for Christmas. I prayed for it in his name, telling Him that if I did get it I would give him a ride in it. For it is His birthday, you know."

The kind rector, tears in his eyes, had not words of reproof, but kindness for thoughtful little Pierre.

"I'm sorry, son, that I didn't understand. You are quite right. It is His birthday. You have given Him more than any Magi ever gave to Him on the day of his birth, many, many years ago.

Victory Special—Hot or Cold

Give a subscription to the County Newspaper

MORNING, noon and night; it's halved as is or broiled in the oven for a hot first or last course, grapefruit is Florida's gift for Fall and Winter menus and a Victory Special with tangerines December 9-12. A Victory Special is a food in season and abundant, both a patriotic and common-sense buy, so get your Vitamin C in grapefruit for day-long first and last courses; your grocer is featuring Florida's new crop now for uses like these:

HOW TO HAVE HALF ● GRAPEFRUIT ●

Cut Florida grapefruit into halves crosswise. To make center cavity remove core with sharp knife; snip out with scissors. Loosen sections by cutting around both individual section with sharp knife and membrane and skin.

Variations

Appetizer: Put tangy first course, place eight wedges of ripe olives between the sides of the grapefruit halves. Pour over several tablespoons of French dressing. Serve

Sherbet Grapefruit: Place large scoop or spoonful of orange ice or sherbet in center of Florida grapefruit half. Serve as main course accompaniment or easy dessert.

HOW TO GRILL GRAPEFRUIT

● Cut Florida grapefruit in halves crosswise. Remove center with sharp knife or scissors. Loosen sections by cutting around each section with sharp knife along dividing membrane and skin. Sprinkle each half with 1 tablespoon sugar and (if desired) a dash of cinnamon or nutmeg. Dot with a tablespoon of butter. Place grapefruit halves on broiler rack 3 or 4 inches from flame or unit. Broil 10 to 15 minutes or until grapefruit is heated through and slightly brown.

Variations

Just sugar and spices and grapefruit halves with 1 tablespoon crushed mint, currant jelly broil as directed.

Sprinkle sugar and ... syrup or honey, or ... and broil.

Oakville

Oakville, Dec. 16.—Lt. Richard Harvey and Mrs. Harvey, of Sanford, Va. visited Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Harvey last week.

Miss Mattie Moss left this week to spend the winter in Richmond with her sister, Mrs. Hugh Sanders.

Jesse Harvey Jr. spent last week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Harvey.

Mary Ellen Moore spent Sunday with Joanne Catlett.

Mrs. Clarke Moore, Misses Pearle Henry, Marie Owens and Ella Bruce Lewis visited Saturday in Lynchburg.

Lawson Lucado and family are now living with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Epps.

Mrs. James Alen Reid and Mrs. Clarence Smith, of Rocky Mount, spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Jim Reid at Appomattox.

Miss Louise Reid has been sick for the past week with tonsilitis.

Mrs. Irving Ayers and daughter are spending this week with Mrs. Bernice Doss.

Mr. Charles Henry Coleman is sick at his home near here. He was 99 years old last Friday. Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Moore and daughter visited him.

Dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Lewis Friday evening were Misses Ella Bruce Lewis, Marie Owens, Pearle Henry and Mattie Moss and Rev. Charles Spain.

Pvt. Robert Durie returned to Camp Pickett Monday after having spent an eight-day furlough here.

Miss Nellie Durie visited her cousin, Mrs. J. J. Bryant last week end.

Mrs. W. S. Durie and family visited her neice near Vera Sunday.

Rev Charles Spain visited in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Durie last Thursday evening.

Pvt. Ralph Coleman, of Camp Lee spent last week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Royal Coleman.

Sgt. Russell Martin, of Fort Meade spent last week-end with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Martin Jr. Tom Martin and Miss Ellen Martin visited in the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Martin during last week-end.

Fleming Martin, of Lynchburg, visited his father, T. H. Martin, on Sunday.

Miss Ruby Martin, of Big Island spent last week-end with her parents here.

Miss Helen Martin, of S.T.C., Farmville is home for the Christmas holidays.

COLORED DOTS

Plans have been made for the first union Christmas tree sponsored by the First Baptist and the Gold Standard School to be held at the First Baptist Church on Christmas night at 8 P.M. The public is cordially invited.

The prayer service sponsored by the teachers of the Spout Spring school last Sunday was a success, despite the cold weather. The program was made up of selections from the following teachers of the county: Mrs. T.W. Hamlett, Mrs. Mildred Delaney, Miss Hester Stephens and R.Q. Lawing, and Mrs. West and Harris of the local Spout Spring school. The silver offering was lifted by Messers. Daniel Tanner and Ernest Lewis.

Mrs. Lacey Delaney, who has been ill is up again.

The Queen rally sponsored by the Promisland Baptist Church, under the direction of Miss Mattie Fleshman came to a successful close last Sunday night. The amount reported was $107.47.

COMRADES IN HONOR—These two American soldiers, friends from boyhood, who joined the Army the same day, trained in the same outfit, were wounded in the same encounter and are now lying side by side in Walter Reed Hospital. Washington, proud possessors of the Purple Heart, the War Department has announced. Sergeant Ernest H. Robson (left) and Private Rocco D. Perretti (right) both of Orange, New Jersey, both 22 years old, are recovering from leg wounds received in landing operations at Safi, Morocco, November 8.

When Lieutenant General Lesley J. McNair, Commanding General of the Army Ground Forces, pinned the Purple Heart on Sergeant Robson and Private Perretti it climaxed a three-way handshake. General McNair shook hands with both men and then they shook hands with each other.

RANCHERS DONATE SCRAP

These iron wagon wheels were part of 34 tons of scrap donated by the Ferretto Brothers to the scrap campaign and shows being loaded into trucks at the Ferretto Ranch on the Carson River, east of Dayton, Nev., for trucking to a collection depot. Note the acetylene tank aboard the truck for cutting up the larger pieces into bunks small enough to drop down Hitler's throat.

TIMES-VIRGINIAN

IN THE HEART OF THE DARK TOBACCO BELT

APPOMATTOX, VIRGINIA

ESTABLISHED 1892

CALVIN H. ROBINSON ..... EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Member Virginia Press Association

Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office at Appomattox, Va., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Address all correspondence to The Times-Virginian, Appomattox, Va.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $1.50 per year. 75c six months. Payable in advance. Advertising rates upon request.

BUILDING NEW BRIDGES

By DuBois Morris, Jr.

A San Francisco housewife walked into her grocery store one day last week and asked for seven pounds of butter. The clerk wanted to know what for.

"I want to make sure of mine before the hoarders get it," she answered.

In many parts of the country milk, butter, canned goods and meat have been swept off the counters in a buying rush that threatens to add more items to the rationed list.

Food restrictions and shortages so far are just inconveniences to luxury-accustomed American housekeepers. In many other countries today one person's selfishness about edibles means starvation for someone else. News of famine and near famine conditions in Greece, Finland, China, Russia and conquered France force us to be realistic about the food situation.

Americans are going to have to pull their belts in tighter before we're through. We can't meet the increasing demands of the Army, which is already eating $3,000,000 worth a day, and take on the job of feeding our undernourished allies without cutting down somewhere.

Certain shortages are inevitable. Imported foods like bananas are practically out for the duration. There will be slim rations on bacon and other items needed for the boys at the front.

But shortages in some farm products could be forestalled by careful planning and responsible buying. The milk shortage is an example.

True, the dairy farmer has a lot of problems. Farm machinery is unobtainable. Farm laborers have deserted the dawn-to-dusk grind for the Army or better-paid job in the city. Feeding help, both big and little herds are being sold or killed off. The result—fewer cows were milked last month than any time since 1933. Hoarding further cuts down the available supply.

The appointment of Claude Wickard as food administrator may help relieve the situation. But organization of a Food Production Administration can only partially solve the difficulties, many of which depend on the individual housewife or farmer.

This is how neighboring ranchers are dealing with the problems in one of the Nevada grain-farming valleys. (Help is so short that ranchers in that part of the country are hiring early teen-age boys, and advertising for cripples and men with families for whom they have to build special quarters.)

The only solution was for neighbors to team up. Community cooperation was possible because two years ago the valley folk saw the need for national unity and began to patch up old feuds. This summer they pitched in together and got their hay cut and stored before cold weather. They are now bringing in the wood in the same way.

In a nearby valley where the farmers failed to see the value of cooperation, they lost one third of their crop.

Pop Wilson who runs the valley garage is a first -class welder and mechanic. He rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "I could go down to the city and pick up a job in the big industries there," he said, "but I feel my job is here keeping the ranch machinery going."

These ranchers have also found a new approach to the trials of government regulation and "red tape." All the dairy farmers in the valley got together and signed a document offering their cooperation to government officials and suggesting steps by which they might anticipate legislative rulings.

That is the kind of spirit that Food Czar Wickard will need on all the farms as he seeks to regulate distribution, prices and other dairy problems.

Sound homes have been the basis of the whole development in the Nevada ranch valley.

Fred Smith is Justice of the Peace, a veteran of World War I and a keen member of the Farm Bureau. His mother-in-law started things off. "I reckon I don't hate anyone, but just don't neighbor," she admitted.

Then she was the first to end a feud in the Valley with a costly apology. The rest of the family caught on after that.

Fred's son Walter is 13 years old and does a man's job all summer. One day he came home from school with an injured arm and went to work milking with one hand till his father stopped him. He loves his Dad and he loves his farm.

His Dad looked across at him and said simply, "Walter's my partner."

Maybe the same idea would work for the rest of Uncle Sam's big family. If the housewife at the grocery counter and the farmer on the milking stools felt they were partners in helping feed the nation, they could forestall a lot [of problems and a lot of shortages.

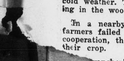
While America still has food, let's use it wisely. A great American once said, There's enough for everybody's need, but not enough for everybody's greed. And he added, "If everyone saved enough and shared enough, wouldn't everyone have enough?"

Those would be good mottoes for Secretary Wickard in his new job.

What You Buy With

WAR BONDS

The ordinary machine gun is too cumbersome for our Marines, especially for parachute troops. So the Marines have adopted new models of the Reising sub-machine gun, a .45-caliber weapon.



The new gun used by the paratroops is a compact model with a pistol grip and a steel-frame stock which folds out of the way when not in use. You can help buy these for our Boys in the Solomons and elsewhere with your purchase of War Bonds. Join the Payroll Savings Plan and let's "Top that ten percent."

U. S. Treasury Department

Lights of New York

by L. L. STEVENSON

Underground: It is possible to ride in New York's subways 40 miles or more for an expenditure of only five cents. But this transportation bargain has a drawback—there isn't any scenery. Stations are pretty much alike and while the train bangs along all there is to be seen is a dingy wall unwinding like a roll of dirty ribbon, signal lights of various kinds, emergency exits and now and then a lantern-equipped trackwalker with his body pressed tightly into some niche only a foot or so from destruction. Nevertheless, war which does so many strange things, has driven New York sightseers into the subways. Instead of riding from one point of interest to another in big busses as they did in the past, they now travel in the subway with the barker acting as the bell wether. He doesn't wear a bell, however. Instead he informs his flock of his whereabouts by constantly jingling a pocket full of nickels.

* * *

Diplomacy: Crowds that congregate in front of the New York Times bulletins in Times square read the war news with tense interest. Frequently arguments occur over the meaning of happenings in various parts of the world and so hot do the tempers and such throngs collect to listen to the disputants, as well as to take sides, that the police have to go into action. One cop assigned to such duty is big, fat and jolly. Also he is a practical psychologist. Realizing that curt commands might cause trouble or possibly a riot, he usually gives his orders in humorous terms. For instance, the other afternoon when an argument spread from the two principals to a group of considerable size and much loud talk was being exchanged, up came the officer with the command, "Come on, you bunch of generals, before a dive bomber breaks you up." The disputants melted away with grins.

* * *

Gratitude: Four RCAF men were enjoying dinner at the Schrafft's "Victies for Victory" table when a guest called a hostess to his table and informed her that he'd like to order a few rounds of liquid refreshments for the boys, but he didn't want them to know who sent them over. The hostess replied that it was very kind of him to do something for the fliers, but she was sure they would want to thank him. "Thank me!" exclaimed the stranger. "Oh, no. It's my turn to thank them. Just last week two RCAF men snatched me from a watery grave in the Atlantic ocean. I'd been adrift in a life boat for 21 days and might still be out there if it hadn't been for those heroic aviators. The four boys at that table are not the ones who saved my life — but they might well have been."

* * *

Rain: A sudden downpour, though it may be heavy, doesn't sweep Broadway clear of its pedestrian stream. There are always those who have urgent reasons for keeping on their way. Also there are those to whom a little thing like getting wet has no special significance. But the majority of foot passengers scramble for shelter of some kind. On Broadway, shelter usually means a marquee or a doorway. Those who stand under marquees regard passers-by as interferers with their rights. They, frequently arguments occur over the meaning of happenings in various parts of the world and so hot do tempers and such throngs collect to listen to the disputants, as well as to take sides, that the police have to go into action. One cop assigned to such duty is big, fat and jolly. Also he is a practical psychologist. Realizing that curt commands might cause trouble or possibly a riot, he usually gives his orders in humorous terms. For instance, the other afternoon when an argument spread from the two principals to a group of considerable size and much loud talk was being exchanged, up came the officer with the command, "Come on, you bunch of generals, before a dive bomber breaks you up." The disputants melted away with grins.

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* * *

About Manhattan: Broadway looking down-at-the-heel in the afternoon sun . . . with the bright lights dimmed, not even attractive at night anymore . . . Just another street with hot dog stands, movie theaters, cheap stores, saloons and restaurants . . . Wonder if its glamour will ever return . . . Every Broadway clock, and they are numerous, showing different time . . . Best to depend on the wrist watch . . . A group of sailors going into the stairway leading to a dance hall which advertises on a marquee sign, "Sixty beautiful hostesses." . . . Soldiers grouped about a girlie-girlie show entrance . . . and after a little discussion, going on their way . . . Pleasant visit with Lee Corbman, Detroit, who writes books for piano students and who was in town to deliver to her publisher the manuscript of a new one . . . She found the spare typewriter in my office closely related to an ice wagon.

Bell Syndicate—WNU Features.

Giant Gets in Navy After a Long Wait

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Allison S. Gardner, ranch owner from Ventura, Calif., ranks as the navy's biggest and heaviest sailor. He is 34 years old, 6 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 267 pounds. He tried to enlist in the navy the day after Pearl Harbor, but it took till April 24 to secure navy waivers of regulations.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D.
Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for December 20

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THE BIRTH OF JESUS

LESSON TEXT—Luke 2:8-20.
GOLDEN TEXT—Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins.—Matthew 1:21.

How shall we keep Christmas this year of our Lord 1942? That is a question which is pressed home to all of us by trying circumstances, growing wickedness—yes, by countless things which try to tell us that there just is not any use to try to keep Christmas as usual this year.

Well, then let's make it unusual! Let's have it more genuinely Christ-mas-like than ever. That's what we and this weary world need. The way to do it is to make this more than ever a Christmas centering in Christ. Doing that will mean that this year we will

I. Keep Christmas With Joy (vv. 8-10).

"Merry Christmas" may sound a little flat and empty this year, for very well, because happiness depends on what happens—and a good many of the wrong kind of things have happened to most (perhaps all) of us.

But joy—that is quite another matter. We do not tire of the reminder that joy is something which God gives in the heart and which goes so far down into the depths of man's soul that the surface tempests of life cannot disturb it. Remember Paul who was "sorrowful" on the surface "yet ever rejoicing" in heart (II Cor. 6:10).

The ground of our Christmas joy is the good tidings of Christ's coming. That has always been the real heart of Christmas joy, but often it has been obscured by tinsel and trimmings. This year let's get back to essentials.

And let it be said that this does not mean that we are going to omit all the precious little customs and pleasantries which have had their innocent part in making this a holiday season. No indeed; let us have them all, or as many as we can, but make the heart of it all Christian joy.

II. Keep Christmas With Assurance (vv. 11-14).

With so many other things (many of which we had foolishly regarded as permanent and sure) falling us, it is a delight to have something sure to tie to, and we have it this Christmas. Christ the Saviour has come!

Not only do we know that He was born, in these many years ago, as the Babe in the manger in Bethlehem town, but we know that He still lives! He was born, died for our sins, was raised for our justification, ever lives to intercede for us, and He is one day to come again. The evidence for all this is plentiful and satisfying, and gives us abundant ground for the keeping of Christmas even this year in assurance.

This thought leads us to our third point. We have joy and assurance in order that we may

III. Keep Christmas As a Testimony (vv. 15-20).

Having found the Christ, the shepherds "made known abroad" (v. 17) the good news. They returned "glorifying and praising God" (v. 20).

They, too, lived in a time of great darkness. They were part of the people of whom the prophet said: "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined" (Isa. 9:2). That light was Christ, the "light of the world."

There could be no more appropriate time to testify to the world, which has failed, that we keep Christmas because it tells of the coming into this world of the unfailing Light, the One who said of Himself: "I am the light of the world" (John 9:5).

Some day, if Christ should tarry, the world will return to a measure of sanity. One of the realities it will face is that the temporal and material is transitory, that a dependence on them is certain to disappoint. The spiritual and the eternal will then have new opportunity to commend itself to the hearts of men. That is why we want to keep Christmas this year as a ringing, joyous testimony to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The writer of these notes does not often hear from his readers, scattered all over the continent (yes, and in foreign lands), but he counts them all as his friends. He prays for them, and counts it a joy to serve them through these lessons. So, since they are his friends, he says to every one of them who sees these lines: "May God make this a blessed Christmas. Through the clouds of trying circumstances may you see His face. Above the noisy clamor of this world may you hear the angel's song. And may the joy of the Lord fill your soul this Christmas Day!"

MISS IDA WALTON JONES

1846—1942

On Sunday morning November 21st, 1942, our Heavenly Father called to her Heavenly home the soul of His servant, which, by her departure from this world, added another bright star to His Kingdom.

Miss Ida Jones suffered much in the last few years of her life, but never to the line of complaint. She was unique in many respects, and in some, it might be said she was in a class to herself. She taught public school for many years and stood to the top of her class of teachers of her day. There are in this County now, in addition to many she taught, the children, grand-children and great-grandchildren of her pupils.

She was a woman of strong character and brilliant mind, and most remarkable memory. To the last she could relate happenings all through her life perfectly. Old age never dimmed her memory or impaired her mind. I never knew one who enjoyed a joke more than she, and up to a few days before her passing she told jokes on her friends, some of which happened 80 or 60 years ago. It may not be amiss to divert to the jovial side of her life. For more than 40 years she personally supervised her farm, and made a very successful farmerette, which necessitated dealing with the public more than usual for ladies. She, like the Apostle Peter of old, was impulsive, and at times there were business frictions, and while quick to resent, she was just as quick to forgive and forget. Exceptionally quick at repartee, on one occasion, having some friction with a man, giving him some straight talk, he resented, saying, "Miss Ida, it is a mighty good thing you are not a man." She quickly replied, "Yes, it is good for you, for if I were a man you would carry home here the worse whipping you ever had."

Miss Ida was deeply interested in religious as well as civic matters, especially in the Methodist church, of which she was a devout member. It has been said that when she met a stranger her first desire was to find out if they were a Methodist and Democrat, she being a very staunch member of the Democratic party. Just a few days before she passed away Dr. Christian, her physician, called to see her, she being asleep he left. The next day he came again; she wanted to know of him why he had not come the day before, he replied that he did call, but she was asleep. She replied quickly: "David, if you were a Methodist I would believe you, but are an old Baptist and I do not believe any thing you say." On one occasion some years ago she had a spell of pneumonia and her two nephews, both Doctors, came to see her, and her regular physician Dr. Christian called. They considered her ill and went out to hold a consultation; when they returned she said: "I see you three have had a meeting. I want to know which one of you was made Chairman, and you two attendants." When Dr. Christian started to leave he told her there was no use for him to come back as she had her two nephews, both good Doctors to attend her. She said no, you are my physician, they are just nurses. On one occasion during her sickness word was received she would probably not live through the night. I took her cousin and hurried down to see her. As soon as we took a seat she said to me: "Ragland, that old cousin of mine sitting over there, I promised to give him a $5.00 present whenever he gets married, do you suppose I am in any danger of losing my $5.00?"

If Miss Ida had any faults they were so overwhelmingly covered up by her good qualities that only the good will be remembered.

She took one of her nephews, Dr. Mosby Payne, who is now a successful surgeon in New York city, when a small boy and raised him in her home, making him heir to her property.

She was the daughter of Dr. David Crawford and Eliza Walton Jones. She leaves one sister, Mrs. Bell Jones Payne, of Lynchburg, and the following neices and nephews: Mrs. Lizzie Wallace and Paul Walker, of Rockbridge County, Misses Dora and Maggie Thornhill of Roanoke, F. R. Walker of Richmond, Dr. C. T. and Warren A. Tornhill of Bluefield, W. Va., Elliott, Orman and Herbert Jones of Appomattox County and Mrs. Davidman Bishop of California and Mrs. Willie Glover of Kansas City and numerous great neices and great nephews.

She was laid to rest in the family cemetery on her farm, The Meadows, where she spent almost her entire life. In her passing, the county has lost one of its best citizens, the Methodist Church one of its most devout, useful and substancial members, and her community a friend.

—N. R. FEATHERSTON.

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